A BOOK OF PRINCETON VERSE

1916

EDITED BY

ALFRED NOYES

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
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LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
1916

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Published June, 1916

PREFACE

By Alfred Noyes

This book of Princeton verse is selected from poems written during the last six years on the Princeton campus, with the exception of one poem by a Princeton man in France. With the exception of one contributor, moreover, it is chiefly the work of undergraduates, who are still in residence. One or two contributors are students at the Graduate College.

The book must be compared, therefore, not with the ordinary anthology of contemporary poetry, but with some of those college anthologies which have recently attracted attention in England. The volume of Oxford undergraduate verse, edited by Professor Gilbert Murray, was drawn from a wider field; but the Princeton book of verse may more fairly be compared with a selection of that kind, though I feel confident that it needs no apology on any ground, and that it contains a considerable quantity of work which would hold its own in any contemporary anthology.

It differs greatly from those collections of verse for which the old college magazines used to be ransacked. The greater part of this book has never been in print before, and a considerable quantity was actually written for the book itself.

The quality of the work seems to me unusually fine; and it has been selected from a large mass of material that falls only slightly below the average level of the book. This, of course, is an indication of a remarkable quickening of interest in what is—after all—the chief Americanizing influence now at work, the language and literature which are the common heritage of half the world.

After the days of Lowell and Emerson one of the penalties for those Unguarded Gates, of which Aldrich wrote so forcibly, was the temporary submerging of the literary sense, a looseness of form and a consequent looseness of thought, which at one time seemed likely to corrupt not only journalism but even literature itself. In recent years there has been a growing reaction against this, and, rhetorical as

the phrase may seem, I feel more strongly than ever that—in these times of black disaster —the splendid task of carrying on the torch of literature may yet be reserved for America. Disaster certainly threatens that torch in Europe; for the whole of European civilization is menaced. It is encouraging, then, to find the younger men at an American university developing just those qualities of lucidity, order, and proportion which are the first essentials of literature, at the very moment when the older generations, both in Europe and America, seem ripe for chaos in both thought and form. These younger men seem to realize that, just as a crew cannot exert its full strength until it has learned to work in harmony and obey the rhythmical laws of its art, so there is no grace or strength in literature, unless the form and the thought be in perfect harmony, and the writer be the captain of his own soul and of his own words also.

I believe that there is a national significance in this quickening of the literary sense among the younger men; and I know no finer example

of the workings of this new spirit than the following lines from a Princeton poet—Maxwell Struthers Burt—who falls (by a very few years) outside the scope of the present volume. There can be no better preface to this book of Princeton verse than this Princeton poet himself gives us:

Drums, drums, drums to the fore!
The rattle of drums and the tramp of feet,
Like the gathering winds of a storm.
O men of the army of marching feet,
O ye who came when your country cried,
Your footsteps haunt each lane, each street,
Your blood still makes the meadows sweet,
And the uplands where ye died!
I have heard you marching in noonday heat,
Through country roads where the dust turns gray
The hanging boughs of the trees that meet
Overhead, and far away,
I have heard, as ye pass at night along
The still white lanes, your bugle-song.
Stern young faces and brave set lips,
Lips firm set with the vows ye swore,
Ye knocked with joyous shining eyes
As lovers knock at a garden door
And plucked the flower of sacrifice,
The blood-red rose of war.
Still to your lips the blossoms bend,
Nor careless time can crush the eternal flowers,

Nor rend from you the quiet, waiting hours
Of snows and suns and stars and showers,
Till the last muster call startles the hills.
But we?—ay, what of us?
Have we forgot the star-touched, echoing past in this
so brief a day?

Dull-souled forgot in lesser strife
The rapt young visions held more dear than life?
Hearing no more beneath the noises of the street
The quiet passing of your feet?
Yea, ye are gone, ye men of sterner race,
Ye youths that met death face to face and triumphéd,
No more the hills reëcho to your tread,
No more on uplands bloom the flowers red;
And we your sons and children's sons
Answer no more the restless calling of the guns,
Nor stir within our sleep for visions,
Gone is the quickening young desire for splendid
things,
The dreams that break and quiver into fire,
On Summer nights when earth is tremulant with un-
seen wings.
What plea is ours down the long courts of unrelenting
time?
That it were right? That visions, old, unfit, outworn,
Have served their making and must not be borne,
A chaff of burdens on our giant destiny?
For we are free;
Free, great, and strong,
To dare new Gods with casual, irreverent song,
And build our temples in the market-place of wrong.

No longer need to make the haunted wilderness a home,
And "but a little path to God," the seas:
No longer need to bid men turn with awkward plough
the loam
And cry, "Here sow I, Lord, with simple psalteries
In faith and honest deeds
The strong clean pregnant seeds
Of this Thy swelling harvest yet to come."
Yea, we are fat and grown white with pride!
No need of prayer; nor any need of sowing?
For the splendor loved by Babylon,
For the purpled pride of Tyre,
We have worked and we have won,
Is the strife, then, through and done?
Shall we take our ease like potentates
Nor heed the altar's fire?
For the riches that were Nineveh's,
For the wares of Ascalon,
For the high-piled heaps of rotting myrrhs,
Shall we pawn our destiny for theirs?
Shall the earth shake, quick with chariots,
As our gods, brute gods, drive on?
No need of dreams? We, who are born of seers?
We who are very children of a dream?
My heart stirs within me like a drum
And I hear far off the marching of a host.

Attend, O Lord of Visions, to our prayer!

May we know pain, O God, may we know pain,
And pave with blood and tears our way

Along the old forgotten path again
To find the sweet strength of a younger day.

Lo, Thou hast given us a land more dear
Than that Thou promisèd to him of old,
And we have made of it a drear
Parched place of tongues and bartering gold.

Yea, we are strong, full strong and great,
And in our hands we hold the sword of might,
But gone, O Lord, the dream to build our fate
A beacon flame and signal through the night.

Yea, gone are all the hopes that kept us young,
The visions, Thine, of unfulfilled desires,
And in decaying temples, far outflung,
Thy priests watch lonely by the dying fires.

O God, may we know pain, may we know pain,
And find with tears and blood the path again!

Do we forget?
Forget so utterly?
Nay, it is not so!
Only, for moments does it seem
That we have lost the splendor of our dream.
We know, had we but time to heed, or hush the busy
whisperings of greed,
That stirring, pulsing, throbbing, slow,
Implacable would rise the tread
Of the stern ever-marching army of the dead.
We—we are still the visioned great-souled breed!
Not like the older nations from decay,

Not wearily we sin,
But heedless, reckless, children at play,
Straying, we have a little lost our way,
Nor see as yet the darkness folding in:
Aye—for in the end, sore torn and bruised, we,
Like long-lost children, will return to Thee;
Like coast-born children weary for the sea.
And then:—

. . . . . .

O beautiful army of those who live;
O shining host of those unborn;
Into your hands the dead years give
The battle standards stained and torn,
Save where aloft unfading gleams
The starlike glory of old dreams.

Hark! Can ye hear above the hum, the clang'rous
hum,
The calling of a drum—
The far-off calling of a drum!

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"Iota"—Napoli

On a wind-whipped cliff by the Cornish Sea,
  Where far-born billows run,
Under the heather a sailor sleeps—
  His voyage just begun.

No stone to tell of his youthful years
  Did his ship-wrecked comrades raise;
But they slung a white buoy over his grave
  Ere they went their unknown ways.

What of his name and what of his creed?
  They matter not—let them be!
The wind blows over his resting place,
And the words on the buoy proclaim his race:
  "Iota"—Napoli.

—Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

Vale

The hermit-thrush sits lonely on the limb;
Deep-scarred, the hills
Rise through an opal film, smoke-blue and dim,
That folds in gloom the balsam-bordered brim.
The quiet stills.
Lake of soft clouds, of birches white and slim,
Within thy bosom deep—
Through lessening Indian-summer days of gold,
Through southward sweeping storms of crackling cold,
Through droning heat, when sunny worlds unfold,
Thy stolen treasure keep.

—*Hamilton Fish Armstrong.*

Broadway and Tenth Street

Silent he walks, and bowed,
One of an alien crowd
  In the thronging lonely street—
Borne on the human tide
That floods toward the drab East Side
  With a million weary feet.

Then to his peasant brain,
Knotted and dull with pain,
  Come the evening bells of Grace;
Up to the stagnant skies
He lifts his tired eyes
  And sees another place.

Hills of gray and rose,
From whence a clear stream flows
To a curving summer shore;
Bells that call the morn
To the land where he was born,
Where he returns no more.

—*Hamilton Fish Armstrong.*

After the Play

The great gold room is heavy with the scent
Of flowers crushed by dancers, and smoke, and
wine;
The little tables with clustered glasses shine.
And always through the buzzing merriment
And through the thump of tired musicians'
play
I hear the drums an ocean's breadth away—

Away—and shaded candles hiss and dance
Into the air—and burst—my pulses quiver—
I smell the stinking field, and 'cross the river
I see a fringe of mud-swamped guns that glance
As their shells come whining toward the bitter
pit
Of ploughed-up reddened muck and powder-
grit—

Ploughed-up, and red with blood. But what
is blood
To placid prattlers in another world,
Who only recall the showy flags unfurled
And waving scarfs, as on the curb they stood
Some years ago and watched a regiment pass
With jaunty step and cheerful blare of brass?

Yes, what is blood to those in puppet-land?
Hung on a new gilt cord they jerk and swing
Compliant with the propitious breeze and sing
Self-satisfied thoughtless tunes, nor seek the
hand
That strings them there—discreet torpidity,
With ears that hear not, eyes that will not see.

There is a sudden stir, and waiters run
To catch a man whose flabby face goes gray.
"He's dead!" the whisper comes. The musi-
cians' play
Stops. A few white-lipped women have begun
To cry a little. And all are soon outside.
Yet this day twenty thousand men have died.

—*Hamilton Fish Armstrong.*

Strange Gods

Strange gods in ivory palaces
By many a stagnant rush-choked stream,
Where foreign fruits and flowers teem
  On countless lattices—

The hollow images devised
By Isis' priests to spy and share
The secret thought and anguished prayer
  Of ignorance terrorized—

The stony gods on lacquered throne,
Mid smouldering sandal-wood and teak,
Who note not when the faithful speak
Nor seem to hear their moan—

Each image, every painted rod
Or stick to whom in faith a prayer
Was ever uttered anywhere—
That was the very God.

—Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

Sea-Weed

Cold sea-weed, folded in the ways
  And dusk straits which the sea-shell paves,
  Driven by the wind and wind-spent waves
Along the sand in branchèd sprays,
  Far from the sea's most quiet graves
And the cool depths whence it has been
Plucked by some wild sea-breathing queen,
Hunting strange rocks and buds between.

Dull-rose and brown and spectral white,
  Hued by some unknown light divine
  Of gems that under wan caves shine—
Sea-hidden pearl and almandite—
  Or gleams which through the wild sea-vine
Creep from some black long-ruined hold,
Where slaves' bright bones and heaped red gold
Lie on the sea's wide floor unrolled.

—*John Peale Bishop.*

Perdita

Child of beauty! Child of gladness!
What clear light illumes thy spirit,
That no shade of mortal sadness
Ever ventures to come near it?
Gliding through this sphere of sorrow,
Like a bright thought of the morrow.

In thine eyes' enchanted mazes
Still the light of heaven is gleaming,
And the soul of whoso gazes
In those deeps, is lost in dreaming
Of thy former bright dominions,
Lit with seraphs' airy pinions.

All my heart is stirred within me
  But to count thy beauty's treasure,
For the sight thereof doth win me
  To a rare and mystic pleasure,
Knowing that there still are given
Gleams, though rare, of God's own heaven.

—*John Peale Bishop.*

The Witch's Daughter. 1692

"Is it a scarecrow hanging high,
Daughter, my daughter,
That flaps so black against the sky?"
"Strange corn it is they'll find for fare,
The straggling crows when they fly by,
For it's a witch they're hanging there."
(*The sun is red on Salem water.*)

"What had she done, what had she done,
Daughter, my daughter,
That Satan set his seal upon?"
"She dug beneath the churchyard stones,
She gave a drink to the parson's son
All made out of a madman's bones."
(*The sun is dim on Salem water.*)

"And do you know the name of her,
Daughter, my daughter,
That's fallen spoil to the grave digger?"
"Ann Pudeator was her name
That's made another sorcerer
For Hell to add to this night's flame."
(*There are no stars on Salem water.*)

"Now I recall her peakèd chin,
Daughter, my daughter,
Her cheeks drawn close as an adder's skin."
"Remember too her spiteful tongue,
How quick it was with another's sin;
I am right glad that she was hung."
(*The clouds hang close on Salem water.*)

"Is it the storm begins to rouse,
Daughter, my daughter,
That I hear a noise without the house?"
"I only hear the sleepless wind,
That comes and goes among the boughs,
Like one that looks and cannot find."
(*Wind and blown waves on Salem water.*)

"Is it the rain begins to beat,
Daughter, my daughter,
That I hear a sound of hard-set feet?"
"Only the leaden beat of the rain,
Blown on the roof in a gusty sheet,
Blown hard against the window pane."
(*Wind and black rain on Salem water.*)

"I hear a hand upon the latch,
Daughter, my daughter,
I hear a hand that lifts the latch!"
"Perhaps the whining dogs without
Stir in their sleep and groan and scratch
As they would dig a dead thing out."
(*Wind and loud waves on Salem water.*)

"Who are these men with lanthorn light,
Daughter, my daughter,
That look at me as a hangman might?"
"Black rain and wind and whining bitch,—
What have I said? Pray God with might.
They've come to take you for a witch!"
(*Wrecks and blown spars on Salem water.*)

—*John Peale Bishop.*

"All Lovely Things I Love"

All lovely things I love,
  Whether of sky or sea;
Earth and the fruit thereof,
  And the starry company
That wander through heaven above,
  Singing unceasingly.

I love all sweet-voiced things:
  The coil of falling streams,
The honeyed murmurings
  Of bees in their noontide dreams,
And the brush of Night's great wings,
  That a sweeter silence seems.

I love all silent thought
  Prisoned in cadenced sound;
And many a jewel brought
  From hearted caves profound;
And yet in all I've sought
  Something I have not found.

—*John Peale Bishop.*

Mushrooms

Cold toadstools under moist moons growing
  Push up between rain-rusted leaves
  And rank wet growths which August eves
Vex, when dull winds blowing
  Bring clouds of thin vibrating wings,
  In damp dusk woods where morning clings
After the morning, and the gray even
Flits like a moth under no starlit heaven.

Dead-flesh-like where the quick flesh holds
    them,
  With a thick odor of rich mold,
  As when things oversweet grow old
And slow decay enfolds them;
  Above as a snake's summer skin
  Smooth, but below void veins begin
To vex the bloodless frozen flesh
With labyrinthine lines and glutted mesh.

White with a cold unhealthy whiteness,
  Black with the blackness of bruised blood,
  Rose-purple, like a feverish bud
Filled with unhappy brightness,
  Where the sharp winds bite hard like flame;
  They rise as though some poisonous name
By demons spoken under earth
Had set them there with smiles of sterile mirth.

—John Peale Bishop.

To Francis Thompson

What shall be said of thee? What of thy song?
A wild star falling in a shower of light,
A white wave smitten by the sea-wind's might,
Sobbing against the cliff's great heart its wrong?
Cast from that sphere to which thou didst belong,
Child of the flame-haired Sun, nurtured by Night—
Remembering not, nor yet forgetful quite—
An exile's was thy life, a god's thy song!

Time-bowed, who now art fled too far for Time,
What of thy heart that is no more a lute
That Grief may touch, nor Anguish strike again?
And oh, thy lips, thy lips, are they, too, mute,
Seeing thy Muse was Grief and all thy rhyme,
Washed on these shores by endless seas of pain?

—*John Peale Bishop.*

Ganymede

Filled full of madness, flushed and stained with crimson,
Round the courts of heaven goes a fair, swift throng,
Hair all dishevelled, crowned with bay and rose-leaves,
Filling all the heavens with a wild sweet song.

Loud shouts and laughter shake the gilded roof-trees,
Love entreats a chorus and the gold roof rings;
Far through the tumult sounds the plaint of viols,
Swift-kissing cymbals and faint lute-strings.

Dark-haired and dark-eyed, Bacchus young
and gracious,
Chapleted with violets and green wild vine,
One arm uplifted, tilts his glowing chalice,
Pouring on the pavement the spiced red wine.

Earth-born, I sicken here amid the wine-jars,
Carved of cunning ivory with pale gold laid;
Now swells the springtide through the silent
greenwood,
Now the grasses brighten in the sun-tinct
glade.

Three miles from Troy town lies a secret meadow
Girt with green recesses which the sun scarce cleaves;
Cool-dewed at dawn, and at noon made sweet with grasses,
Dusky-petalled violets, and last year's leaves.

Dark-banded, girt with deep serene recesses,
Where the noon scarce wakens the night-drowsed bee;
Dusk-bound, but oh, the endless sunny hollows,
Clothed with waving shadow when the wind runs free.

Curled golden waters ripple in the sun there,
When the swallow skims through the sword-edged reeds,
White-bellied, bright-winged, full of summer's music,
Shedding starry spray through the gray marsh reeds.

Clean-limbed and sun-hued, the happy brave companions
Poise in naked beauty on the stream's soft rims.
Arms strained behind them, till the sudden signal
Ploughs the shining waters with their brown, bright limbs.

There, too, they wade in among the circling
shallows,
Dip their tangled fish-nets in the cool brown
stream,
One edge upholden, one beneath the surface
Gliding where the crimson and steel fins
gleam.

Dew-sandalled, fleet-foot, racing through the
hollows
Waking hilly echoes with a boy's light cries;
Or haply day-long watching white and silver
Rise in cloudy headlands in the wide blue
skies.

Long lasts the day there, in the happy valley,
Then the journey homeward to the safe warm town;
Full-orbed the moon hangs white above the uplands,
Darker grow the thickets as the road winds down.

Down dusky pathways, through the dewy orchard,
Clothed with honied blossom where the gray moth sips,
Glad, sad, and weary, you gain the trellised doorway,
Where through muffling grape-vine a warm light slips.

Black oaken settles stand before the fireplace,
Smoky, stained by winter in the good years dead;
Red gleams the firelight on the lustrous copper;
Softly glow the tables with the day's feast spread.

Dew-sweet the honey, sweet the crumbling wheat-cakes,
Foaming white the new milk in brown clay jars;
Last the tired pallet in the fragrant bedroom
Open to the night-wind and the large white stars.

All night you hear the sound of distant waters
Chafing on the pebbles in the sand-strewn caves,
Far-off you hear them crumbling down the sea-cliff,
Catch, too, the savor of the salt sharp waves.

Fair dreams, but vain. Ah, hark, again the viols
Rise above the laughter and the wine-mad fray.
Jove leans and drains his revel-stainèd wine-cup,
Waves me to his side, and I dare not stay.

—*John Peale Bishop.*

Old Pines

I

Permanent and ancient pines along the sky
Silently stand with rugged arms outspread;
Serene gray ghosts, defiant and alone,
Grim sentinels among the lost hill roads.
They whisper in the autumn wind, as old men
Murmur the glory of departed comrades,
Then turn weak limbs to fight the white-robed
storms
That gallop wildly over barren hills.

II

Old trees, you who whisper in the twilight,
Soughing softly your secret of assurance,
Grant me, pray, a moment of clear vision
To feel the power of ancient pines in winter!
A babel of myriad needles in the wind—
A rush of voices calling out to Pan—
An odorous gale wings swiftly down the glen;
Then as before, silent, waiting sentinels.

—*Henry Chapin.*

The Thief

I did not—
No, I say I did not.
Don't look at me and say I lie.
You've tracked and followed me from day to
day;
I've seen your sneaking face among the crowds.
And now you've got me—
Yes, I deny I took it—
You've seen the books?
And they betray my guilt?
You lie!
Damn you, I say you lie!
I did not take the money—
You will arrest me?
There, take that!

Good God, he's *dead.*
What shall I do?
Where shall I hide?
Oh, Christ—To kill him!
I never meant—
But I must run,
And run, and run, and run forever—

Out of my way!
Get out!
I've done no wrong.
I've done no wrong!
I've done no wrong!
Let go—
I did not kill him—
It was in self-defense—
He said I lied—
I tell you let me go—

Good God—My Mother—
How came she here?
She must not see me—
Now loose me—Lift your hand—I . . .

Ah, Mother, was it you
Who woke me with a kiss?
I tremble? I am pale?
Why—Why—Yes, I—
I had a dream—Ugh—
No, just a dream.
May I have breakfast soon?
I want to reach the bank a little early.
You'll call me when it's ready? . . .

That money must go back to-day.

—*Sayers Coe.*

The Bubble-Blower

Men called him Bubble-Blower, man-grown
child;
"He chases butterflies," they cried, "all day,
Or stains his fingers with the rose grown wild—
Ah no, he never will put dreams away."

"Some mournful-woman," whispered knowing
ones,
"Ensnared him as a child and hazed his eyes
Within some April twilight; so he runs
And chases down the wind gay butterflies."

"Forsooth," they chorused, puck'ring eye-brows
all,
"He sends no argosies across the seas;
He tends his hollyhocks beside the wall,
Nor cares for stiff-gold stuffs or fragrant teas."

But still the Bubble-Blower kept his creed;
Nay more, within his heart he grieved for these,
The Hurry-Folk who felt the goad of Greed,
Who crushed Life's flowers with their laboring knees.

The earth-bent ploughman drove his soil-bright share
Straight through the starry bluets on the sod,
Nor heeded how by apple-trees the air
Was scented as by prayers breathed up to God.

The shag-browed fishers vexed the flooding tide;
Year in, year out, they cast their nets; their plea,
Enough to live on; never did they bide
To hear the calm, deep music of the sea.

With corn there waved a thousand valleys wide;
A thousand threshing-floors with Autumn yields
Groaned heavily; and still the landlords sighed—
"Alas! if only we had broader fields."

But while in morns and evenings ebbed the tide
Of years fore'er, while dew-drops still did shine,
The Bubble-Blower's heart in sorrow cried
To see the Hurry-Folk pour out Life's wine:

"For them the caravans of Sachem Bey
Have passed for aye across the starlit sands,
To bring no more from Bagdad or Cathay
The moon-spun, lamplight wares of story-lands.

"No dying Roland winds his sunset horn
High in some glen of gloomy Moor-swarmed
Spain;
No Robin bends his farewell bow forlorn;
No Percivale may seek the Grail again.

"For them a story is a story—lo,
The Hurry-Folk forget Youth's minstrelsy;
Their gold-dulled eyes can never catch the
glow
Soft-shining from nymph-haunted Arcady.

"No time to walk the gardens sweet with
dreams
Where strength and peace abide—ah, God
forgive!
They muse no more beside the quiet streams;
In winning livelihood they cease to live.

"They lift not up their hearts to bannered morn,
They bow not down their heads at prayerful eve;
Their souls are starved and sadly crushed and torn;
For Hurry-Folk our God must sorely grieve."

As often when he walked the dewy lanes
What time the crickets said their evening prayers,
Through open lattices he glimpsed the fanes
Where Hurry-People sought retreat from cares.

And there shone baleful lights within the rooms;
Strange incense writhed before strange gods, perchance,
Adown the red-plashed stairs, through curtained glooms,
Came broken echoes of some maddening dance.

The sounds of revels died, wild music stole
With throbbing plaint; like blooms of tropic day
It grew upon the listener till his soul
With sweetness choked and purpose slipped away.

There, too, was laughter gay, but mocking; song—
But such as beats beneath a jungle sky
Where man forgets and crawls the mould along,
With rank-sweet flowers and with beasts to die.

And there were Superstitions, warpèd Creeds,
Like storied spectres groping through the years
And gloating o'er their sunless treasures down—
Down in the sea where daylight ne'er appears.

And there were Fears that warmed their palsied shins
Before the household hearth; ill-omened Doubt
That darkened panes; and, stroking their sad chins,
Despairs that blew the good-wife's candle out.

But ever as he wondered came the breeze
And swept the tell-tale shutters to, and still
The harpist Night was playing in the trees,
The calm, high stars went marching o'er the hill.

And on the fretted lake the moonbeams clear
Still came and went the while they joyed to dance;
Within the drowsy arbours he could hear
The sighing lover-winds in Night's romance.

"Night and the moonlight! Pan is awake,
He is tuning his pipes by the river;
Through the dim glades the Huntress has shot
The silvery shafts from her quiver.
At the wave of Night's sceptre where the red poppies droop,
See, from the woodland the dreams shyly troop.
Old legends live, the hour has come,
The ships of the clouds, their sails flapping,
Strain to be off on the moon-dusky waves
On the shores of far fairyland lapping."

So he whom men called Bubble-Blower knew
Nor curse of worry nor the blight of fears;
And whether skies were gray or sunny blue,
He kept these simple treasures through the years:

An evening lamp kept trimmed with tender care,
A modest hearth to be sweet Memory's fane,
A window to admit the spring-warmed air
And fragrance of the pine-woods after rain;

A wife whom he could love with all his soul,
Shy children smiling at their quiet play.
So he, the Master-Poet, reached his goal
And found at last the golden perfect day.

Perchance, we, too, may care to hear his
song—
That song he sang within the long ago;
God grant that, hearing, we may ever long
To live while in our hearts Life's roses blow:

"Under the boughs when the waking world
Sings in the flutes of birds,
I will love and live with the flaming dew
And the fleecy cloudland herds.
And *Life* shall be my heart's delight
While Youth and Morning are;
And when, with the day, Life's sunshine
fades,
I shall sleep with the evening star."

—*Robert P. Coffin.*

The Serpent of the Sea

There is a serpent hiding in the sea,
  Just as the musty old-time books declare,
And seamen half-admit it, eyes askance,
  As if they could tell more, if they should dare.

For once far down the western sea at dusk
  I saw his head all crested like a king's,
With dim, pure sunset gold and sapphire stars—
  And felt the lure of drowsy ocean-things.

And once I heard a rustling in the night,
When all the stars lay still upon the deep,
And thought of shadow-shapes that creep and stir
The sickly deep-sea flowers—and could not sleep.

And once, I think, I saw it move the kelp,
Hard by old Peter's house upon the shore;
That evening people found his empty boat,
But people saw the fisherman no more.

—*Robert P. Coffin.*

Glauce

Singing lord of the lyre, Apollo,
Come with the western breeze of dawn
To the Laurean shade, where huntsmen follow
The vexèd boar and the spotted fawn.
Not in the flame of the bended bow—
The splendor of gold that gleams afar—
Nor with Cretan quiver and darts aglow
With the molten heat of the noon-day star;
But wreathèd, gracing the robe discreet,
In the lustred white of the clouds of heaven,
O come, Divine, while the chorded seven
Sound to the rhythm of dancing feet.

—Ah, call him not; ah, Glauce, call him not:
Sad, lonely tears shall mark thy pain,
Sad prayer and pleading prove in vain,
Sad, endless sighs shall be thy lot!

Far from the grove and the lyric band,
Alone in a deep sea-cavern lying,
I hear the throb of the Sunian strand,
The choral song and the voice replying.
Bright in the moving emerald waters,
Throned on a coral rose-inflamed,
Tethys' fairest of maiden daughters,
Queen of the Nereids am I famed.
Lo, I have called, and the restless wave
Leaps to the pulse of the breathèd flute;
Thou hast heard, and come at my eager suit
To summon me forth, and sing, and save.

—Ah, call him not; ah, Glauce, call him not:
Sad, lonely tears shall mark thy pain,
Sad prayer and pleading prove in vain,
Sad, endless sighs shall be thy lot.

The waning stars are quenched in light,
And westward now the wandering moon,
Pale phantom of the vanished night,
Attends the chariot of noon.
All yesterday till silent eve;
From eve till break of saffron morn,
I watched, alas, a maid forlorn,
And cheered a heart that could but grieve.
Still murmuring I hear afar
Faint echoes of full-throated song—
Ah me, how thick the branches are,
The lonely path, how long!

—Philip L. Coffin.

The Reflection

In the forest a clear pool shines in a rock basin.
When I see my reflection on its surface
I cannot see the goldfish and water-ferns in the depths.
When my reflection vanishes
I see the glint of the fish and the waving water-ferns.
Thus man seeking truth.

—*William Brewer Connett.*

With squeaking brakes the ambulance
stopped at the door.
Orderlies carried the stretcher into the white-
tiled room.
They drew the rough blanket from the white
face
And we saw that he was scarcely more than a
boy.
With scissors they snipped away the clothes
From the legs, mangled, hanging by shreds.
An engine had struck him as he was picking
coals
Along the tracks, putting them into a burlap
sack.
Swiftly and quietly the white-suited doctors
worked.
Then the priest came—the surgeons withdrew.
With bent heads we stood

Hearing the whispered eternal comfort behind
the white curtains strung on wires.
The lad spoke only with his wide-open eyes.
Fifteen minutes later he was dead.

Over the telephone the cub reporter, breathlessly speaking,
Told the story to the patient re-write man in the office.

That evening in the newspaper in jet black headlines:
"Society woman in auto crash!"
She had escaped with a scratch on the cheek.

In an obscure corner a paragraph of the lad's death.
The cub was puzzled.

—William Brewer Connett.

One Side of the Medal

High above the throng in the street
Rose the steel skeleton painted red;
Above the surrounding masonry and stone it
rose against the pale shining sky.
A donkey-engine rattled and hissed white
steam;
Above the confused murmur of traffic
Came the brief staccato clatter of a trip-
hammer.

Hundreds of feet in the air swung a steel beam
To which clung a man—
He grasped the knotted chain,
Gritting his teeth as he firmly kept
A grip on his imagination.
In a flash the street with its tiny black lines
Might be obliterated and smothered in infinite
distance,—
This he knew—
And the muscles hardened in his white grease-
smudged arm.
His eyes were quiet.

During the lunch hour he went among the men
Who lounged on the loose planks,
Drinking beer from shiny tin pails.
He talked to them of democracy and wages,
Of capital and labor.

One day I spoke of him to the head of the construction company,
A hard-thinking, aggressive man.
He answered me across his mahogany desk:
"Yes, I know the man;
He's a fourteen-karat faker."

—William Brewer Connett.

The Ascent

As I begin to see beyond thy rhyme,
  And learn to place each pleasing sound aright,
And view the steps by which thy verses climb
  Through strength to beauty, and on from height to height;
Then I begin to feel that eagle's lure,
  Which turns his gaze toward a challenging sun,
To leave behind the dull and level moor
  For those high crags where glorious colors run.

So would I know with thee that steep ascent,
That difficult way to prospects yet unknown,
The winding paths, the chasms deeply rent,
The whispering pines by winds of poesy blown.
And face that sun of song whose radiance flows
In sky-born colors through this earth's dark prose.

—*James Creese.*

A Dawn in Spring

Awake! Awake! from out the night mount higher
And higher on prancing feet bright Phoebus' steeds.
The mist-maids flee, and shrill and clear the reeds
Of Pan pipe out and call the fairy choir
That leaped, and trilled, and danced in chaste desire,
Kindled beneath Diana's maiden reign,
But now desert their glistening webs, nor deign
To sport their grace before a wanton fire.

The fairy-folk now flee before the dawn,
While feathered sprites their warbled carol sing,
And warily beside the lick the fawn
Poises to hark. Now through all life there thrills
A lilting note; and soft, caressing Spring
Entices man to golden-fringèd hills!

—*James Creese.*

A Ballad of Sir Richard Steele

"I have been told," writes a friend of "Dick" Steele, "that he retained his cheerful sweetness to the last; and that he would often be carried out in a summer's evening, when the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and, with his pencil, give an order on his agent for a new gown for the best dancer."—*Text Book.*

"A ring! A ring! come, dance, my lad!
A ring! ay, come, be gay,
And for Sir Richard's sake be glad
With merry songs and play!
Come, lightly trip it on the green,
For straight from London town
Shall come a prize for the dancers' queen,—
Sir Richard grants a gown!"

And so we cried, and winsome girls
  Danced gaily for the prize. . . .
Their points, their courtesies, and whirls
  Are done. Each evening dies
In silent chill. The lads are mute,
  And empty now the lawn.
We can not tune the joyous lute,
  For good Sir Richard's gone.

—James Creese.

A Japanese Serenade

The gentle tinkle of my samisen
Sounds 'neath thy lattice, Love.
The moonlight on the sea doth call again
To thee. Look from above!
Beneath the bamboo where the nightingale
Sings to you silver fire,
I rival him,—for in his liquid tale
Thrills no such sweet desire.
While lotus-petals lie
Beneath the jewelled sky,
And adown the darkness the white swans cry.

From temples hidden in the mountain glen,
I hear the tolling gong,
That throbs across the deep and haunted fen,
And chills my pleading song.
But, Love, come forth,—the ripples dance for thee
Down on the sedgy strand.
The fireflies dancing rim the moonless sea
And seaweed-scattered strand.
While lotus-petals lie
Under the jewelled sky,
And adown the darkness the white swans cry.

—*Pierson Curtis.*

The Wife of Athemis

"O warrior-woman, art thou tender now?
Shining upon his urn I saw thy tear."
"Shall I not weep for him who knew not how?"

"Black was his anger; naught did he revere;
Rudely he dealt with men, and rudely spoke."
"Rude with me also—therefore the more dear."

"I would foreswear the market's wanton joke
To dwell at home with thee in tenderness,
And teach thee Aphrodite to invoke."

"Ah, youth, one time I cherished love's caress.
But he who mocked, thou say'st, at gods and
fate,
Taught me to prize it more and seek it less."

"His was the clenched fist shaken in dark hate,
The unshamed brow—" "Truth makes its
own amend;
Him thou would'st fain decry thou makest
great."

"Forget, forget; too many tears offend.
Each pleasant hour is numbered here above."
"Aye, truly. So we follow each his end:
And I a ruthlessness transcending love."

W. Stanley Dell.

Tavern Song

Good friends, true friends,
  Come what will,
Raining or shining,
  True friends still.

Off on our travels,
  Go anywhere,
We'll find real friends,
  True friends rare.

So now at the tavern,
  While we may,
We'll drink together,
  Good friends and gay.

Red wine, strong wine,
  Rare wine and old!
Look at that miser,
  Purse full of gold;

What good is gold, pray,
  No friends to share it?
Come, jolly brothers,
  Let's down with the claret.

Good friends, true friends,
  Come what will,
Good luck or bad luck,
  True friends still.

—Harrington Green.

King Solomon

Fee, fie, foh, fum,
A thousand wives has Solomon;
Some are white as ivory
And others black as ebony.

Daily see the merchants come
Bearing wives to Solomon,
More and more,—the Hebrews say
He weds a new one every day.

He loves his spouses every one,
And they all love King Solomon;
His gifts to them are priceless things,
Silks and pearls and golden rings.

The Queen of Sheba came from far
To be his royal paramour,
She whipped her slaves and urged them on,
And all for love of Solomon.

When Solomon sits down to dine,
He drinks a hundred cups of wine;
When Solomon goes up to bed,
Slaves with torches march ahead:
In all the world beneath the sun,
There is no king like Solomon.

—*Harrington Green.*

Wisdom

Once the wise men, all unwise,
Built a temple to the skies,
Built of marble and of gold,—
Cheerless was the place and cold;
Through its aisles the whole day long
Never rang the careless song,
Never came a jovial face,
Laughter never shook the place.

Did they hope that she would come,
There to dwell and make her home,
Goddess of their temple tall?
Oh, the folly of it all!
Wisdom shuns all sombre places,
Solemn talk and joyless faces;
But she loves the dance and song,
Mirth and laughter all day long.

Royally in a purple gown,
On her head a golden crown,
Learning sits, that temple's queen,
On the highest throne therein.
And the wise men, all unwise,
Think that such is Wisdom's guise;
Blind, deceived, their praise and prayer
To a goddess false they bear.

We within the tavern know
(More than lesser mortals know)
The true worth of things below,
All the bitterness of strife,
All the folly of man's life.
So from dawn to evening
Deep we drink and loud we sing;
What a merry life lead we!
Wisdom loves our company!

Here the goddess reigns divine,
Throned upon a cask of wine,
Queen she is the whole day long,
Queen of all our feast and song.
Just across the roadway there
Stands the temple cold and bare.
—See the smile light up her eyes,
As through the trellised vines she spies
Solemn wise men, all unwise.

—Harrington Green.

The Goddess of Chance

It was before the birth of Time:
  Tyche was a little child,
When walking into space one day,
  A careless hour she beguiled.

Happy with her new-found toys,
  Among the atoms Tyche played,
Between her fingers let them fall,
  And laughed at each new star she made.

She moulded stars and moons and suns,
  And set them spinning on their way;
Never in her life, she thought,
  Had she so much enjoyed her play.

Sometimes a star would lose its path,
  And get entangled in her hair,
And she would chide it childishly,
  But little did she truly care.

Swiftly then she made the world,
  Portioned out the land and sea,
Peopled it with living things,
  And looked at it admiringly.

Tyche still is but a child,
  Though older than the oldest years;
Careless, heedless, on she trips,
  And not a single prayer she hears.

Her childish whims are Fate's decrees,
  For all things bow to her control;
She points the hand of every god,
  And tells the dice how they must roll.

—Harrington Green.

Aristophanes

In sword and spear ye trust
On the red battle-field,
The foeman meets each thrust
And smiles behind his shield.

My weapons are but words,
No shield can turn such darts,
More sure, more sharp than swords,
They pierce my victims' hearts!

—*Harrington Green.*

Dreams

How rare was that great tapestry of Tyre,
Its figures wrought with gold and purple braid!
That even Time, consigning it to fire,
Regretfully beheld its beauty fade.

And so our dream, the dream that we two wove,
Fair as the sunset mirrored in the deeps,
Now lies destroyed before the feet of Love,
Who looks at it with wistful eyes and weeps.

—Harrington Green.

To Francois Villon

(Who expected at one time to
hang with five other thieves)

Six thieves strung on a gallows tree,
Six dead men swinging merrily,
Oh, that were a goodly sight to see!
Their lifeless frames will hang right well,
Their bodies here, their souls in hell;
This world no longer shall they vex,
When the noose tightens about their necks.
Six thieves shall swing through rain and sun,
Their cursings and their thievings done.
And the arch-villain of them all
Shall with them hang till he rot and fall,
The poet-thief will not thieve long,
Nor sing,—the rope can choke all song
Except those weird, unearthly tones
The wind shall sing through his dry bones.
O six thieves strung on a gallows tree,
Six dead men swinging merrily,
Oh, that were a goodly sight to see!

—Harrington Green.

The Canal-Boat Pilot, Retired

Lazily floating between the green hills,
Wheat-fields and meadows,—oh, might I be
Back in those days on the old Raritan,
Up from the Delaware through to the sea!
Dreaming away the long slow hours
From earliest dawn till the sun goes down,
Gliding by Princeton and glimpsing the towers,
Then under the bridges of Brunswick town!

—Harrington Green.

Song

In the still night
And through the long-drawn day
My thoughts for ever take their way—
Like ships sea-worn that sail straight for the light

That marks the beach,
The goal of their long quest,
Where friends await, and calm, and rest—
So, filled with longing far too deep for speech,

My thoughts seek you,
My star that shines above,
Lighting my path with hope and love;
My thoughts fly there, and my heart follows, too.

—Harrington Green.

Song

As strong as Death
Is Love, who holds me fast,
And I am his while life shall last,
Both yours and his, as long as I have breath.

—*Harrington Green.*

Song

How bold a lover I seem to be,
I have caught her hand and held my lips
Against the blushing finger-tips,—
My heart beat fast in ecstasy!
I mused,—if now the gods should bring
Ease, riches, power and renown,
All that I wished my life to crown,
A month gone past, yea, everything,
And bade me choose 'twixt these and her;
Would my glad heart the choice defer?
Would I not scorn their offering?

—Harrington Green.

Song

We talked of many things to-day,
But I know naught of what we said,
Or whether it was grave or gay:
But oh! how carefully I read
Each wondrous word her eyes did say!

—*Harrington Green.*

The Second Coming of Christ

"Christ is come!" the people said,
Through all the world the wonder sped,
The cry was heard in distant lands,—
"Fulfilled the ancient promise stands,
He treads the lower earth again,
In flesh and blood he walks with men;
Yea, Christ is come!" On every side
Dismay with dumb amazement vied:
"What shall we do?" the people cried,
"What should we say if we should meet him,
In what strange, holy language greet him?"

"Ye should bring gifts, assuredly,
Worthy of his divinity,"
The wise men said, and at the word,
The mighty work-shops woke and stirred;
About the forges blazing bright,
The craftsmen labored day and night.
At length two gifts stood forth complete
(For that great God-head strangely meet!),
As perfect as their art could reach,
The cruel sharp jewels shone on each:
Two gifts with neither flaw nor dross,
A crown of thorns, an iron cross!

—*Harrington Green.*

In Memory of the Bandsmen, S. S. "Titanic"

Lord, when Thou touchest Lyra's seven
  Impatient chords, and on his keys
Fashions the organist of Heaven
  High monochord with Thee and these:

If archangelic eyes return
  No answer to angelic gaze
While angels and archangels yearn
  To Thee, the Music of All Days:

Bid Thy seraphic choirs rest
  Their plectrums on their psalteries
And learn of these Thou hast confessed
  Thy deathless Bandsmen of the Seas.

Bid Thine angelic trumpeters
  Restrain their trumpets' golden throats
While "Autumn" echoes with the Spheres
  And songs wherewith they cheered the boats;

Bid Thine exalted cherubim
  Know also this, Thy new renown,
One with Thy praise that cannot dim
  Throughout the years though all things
    drown.

That shall not die though bitter death
  Should fall on all men like the sea,
Song of Thy song, breath of Thy breath,
  Now and eternally.

And when Thou touchest Lyra's seven
  Impatient chords, bid on his keys
Fashion the organist of Heaven
  High monochord with Thee and these.

—*Brooks Henderson.*

Chanteur

He came with dawning wind
  Singing, and faced the day;
Not of the night behind
  He made his lay.
Because his face was fresh as morning skies
  We ask'd his bent,
Because as deep as heaven were his eyes;
  But on he went.

He came with blaze o' sun
  Singing, and faced the heat
Of the long course but halfway done
  With weary feet.
Because his face with wind and dust was gray
  We bade him rest content.
Because we knew how endless was the way;
  But on he went.

He came with chill o' night
  Singing, and faced the cold.
With weariness of day his eyes were bright,
  His look was bold.
Because his song was rich as night and day
  And he forspent,
We hoped he would forget awhile and stay;
  But on he went.

—*Brooks Henderson.*

The New Voyage

Look up and on, O Soul! Across the dunes
I hear the husky breathing of the sea,
The fierce-mouthed sea, singing Time's canticle
In vague and mystic words of prophecy.

Brightly the beach is fretted with white foam
And on the gleaming bosom of the sand
The sun, half-heaven high, hangs promises.
O Soul! With faith and hope I take thy hand!

Come! let us man our galley and put forth
With Youth's bright pennon streaming at our mast!
Let us look back no more, but forge ahead
And pray to God the sea be wild and vast!

The siren voices of sweet song are mute,
Our canvas flags impatient in the gale.
Shove from the shore, O Soul, and let us fare,
Thou at the helm, and I to tend the sail!

Straight be our course away from glamoured dreams
And false fair promises, on to our goal!
Blow winds their challenge on my glad-eyed face,
I glory in thy guidance, O my Soul!

—*Raymond Peckham Holden.*

Wood Smoke

One evening as the dusk came softly down,
Walking along a road outside the town
I watched the sunset burning low and red,
And heard the leaves a-rustling, dry and dead,
Harried by breezes to their wintry bed.

By chance I passed a fire beside the way,
With small flames leaping in their impish play,
Bright in the dimness of the dying day;
And as the wind blew smoke across my face
Around me all the Bush rose up apace.

The great dim forest blotted out the farms
And close around the red fire flung its arms,
Canoe and portage, tent and camping place,
Ghosts in the wood smoke, lingered for a space,
Then passed, and with them went a comrade's face.

—Herbert Jones.

To France

Those who have stood for thy cause when the dark was around thee,
Those who have pierced through the shadows and shining have found thee,
Those who have held to their faith in thy courage and power,
Thy spirit, thy honor, thy strength for a terrible hour,
Now can rejoice that they see thee in light and in glory,
Facing whatever may come as an end to the story
In calm undespairing, with steady eyes fixed on the morrow—
The morn that is pregnant with blood and with death and with sorrow.

And whether the victory crowns thee, O France the eternal,
Or whether the smoke and the dusk of a night-fall infernal
Gather about thee, and us, and the foe; and all treasures
Run with the flooding of war into bottomless measures—
Fall what befalls: in this hour all those who are near thee
And all who have loved thee, they rise and salute and revere thee!

—*Herbert Jones.*

The Dreamer

"Dream me no dreams," cried the Practical
Man,
"Mine be the labor from day to day—
Work is the lot of our human clay;
Toiling and moiling—'tis all that we can."

But the Dreamer dreamed him dreams:
Of fairy sounds and colors gay,
Of golden regions, far away,
Of lofty thought and tender heart
Which bleeds to feel another's smart,
Of little lives of common men,
Of grinding labor, needless pain,
Of cities cleansed and made anew
By one who is both strong and true,
And not one who merely seems.

And the Practical Man went on his way,
And built him a palace, cheerful, gay.
He built him a house where he might store
Of wealth and pleasure more and more.

And the Dreamer dreamed, and a time appeared—
A day when he woke and told his dreams—
And they shook the world, and they loosed the beams
Of the house which the Practical Man had reared.

—*Isidor Kaufman.*

Half-Lines

I sat and dreamed,
And round about the early summer laughed:
A summer sun looked down upon
A field of rye all golden-green;
A summer sultriness was in the air;
Across the sandy wagon-road
A butterfly went flitting and was lost
Where yellow gleamed the grass;
And the sky was hazy-blue;
And in the sky a hawk
With outstretched wing sailed on,
And flapped his wings, and rose,
Circled, and climbed as up a winding stair,
Higher and higher.

I sat and dreamed,
And saw another summer:
The sun blazed down
On blocks of ugly masonry,
And sallow faces, pale, and thin, and worn,
Moved up and down the stony streets,
Oh—ceaselessly!
And in the hollows of the solid-seeming piles
Were sweat, and sweltering heat,
And sickly babes of cheerless mothers, pain,
And dirt; and in the pain and dirt
Crowded a thousand lives;
And men and women bent
Forever over dead machines
That yet could drive the souls from living men;
And dark and hopeless was the view within,
And mean and narrow, too, was all without,

Except where, o'er the restless-hurrying river, loomed
A bridge of steel,
And in the distance rose,
Ragged and sharp against the setting sun,
A line of beetling buildings straining toward the sky
Higher and higher.

I sat and dreamed,
And sitting, heard the sounds of nature round about,
And dreaming, heard the sounds of man,
For a light breeze was whispering through the leaves
Of a silvery maple. Then,
A slow-meandering brook

Went tinkling o'er its shining stones
Musically.
From matted grass and blossoming weeds
There came the undercurrent of
The manifold outpouring of the insect-heart.
And swaying on a bow-shaped twig that grew
From the clambering hedge,
A bold song-sparrow cocked its feathered head,
And swelled its little throat, and sent
A flood of twittering notes across the vibrant air.
But in my thoughts that dreamed, there came and went
The rumble of the passing car,
The rattle of the wagon-wheel,
The whining call of children wailing in the night,

The whir of sewing-machines,
The exhorting voice of beggars and of Socialists.
Beyond the bend o' the road, I heard
The laugh of little children splashing in the brook
Or switching with the twigs of weeping-willow trees.
But through my thoughts the sounds that came,
Like the dull beat of drum or ebb and flow of tide,
Were mingled sounds—of children conning o'er a book,
Of weary children conning o'er a book—
Of children dancing round a cellar-door,
But stealthily——
Of men in prayer unto a God that answered not——

Of women in the throes of travail.
Then, all the pain and all the ignorance,
And all the crime and groping fear
(Which is but ignorance)
That flourish wheresoe'er the few hold much of wealth
'Mid many that do heave and gasp and crouch
And grin, and gasp their sunless lives away——
Oh, all of pain and fear and ache of heart
Came to my soul, came in a throbbing note that rose
Higher and higher.

And I cried:
"O Spirit of the Universe!
The boundless prairies, and the llanos, south,
Lie smiling 'neath a smiling sun—
Vast fruitful fields where only cattle are.

And even the cattle there
Live free and joyous, as their nature bids.
But in the cities men, divinely made,
Are cramped, and hidden from the sun and
wind,
And know not what it is to see
The water playing on a whitened stone
Or hear the rat-tat of a woodpecker,
And my spirit (which is part of Thee,
O Spirit of the Universe!)
Calls out in anguish, '*Why?* Oh, why?' "
But answer was there none.
Only a rabbit scurried up the sandy road;
And from the distance came the whistling of
The approaching train—long, and shrill, and
high,
And higher——.

—Isidor Kaufman.

Dawn

His radiant fingers so adorning
  Earth that in silent joy she thrills,
The ancient day stands every morning
  Above the flowing eastern hills.

This day the new-born world hath taken
  Within his mantling arms of white,
And sent her forth by fear unshaken
  To walk among the stars in light.

Risen with laughter unto leaping,
  His feet untired, undimmed his eyes,
The old, old day comes up from sleeping,
  Fresh as a flower, for new emprise.

The curtain of the night is parted
That once again the dawn may tread,
In spotless garments, ways uncharted,
And death a million times is dead.

Slow speechless music robed in splendor
The deep sky sings eternally,
With childlike wonderment to render
Its own unwearied symphony.

Reborn between the great suns spinning
Forever where men's prayers ascend,
God's day in love hath its beginning,
And the beginning hath no end.

—George B. Logan, Jr.

Youth and Age. (Princeton)

Old ivied walls and new gray towers
  Echo the same recurrent bell:
And youth, who hears nor counts the hours,
  And age, with ancient tales to tell
  Of vengeful time and wasted days,
  Do meet and pass on different ways.

"When I was young"—"But I am young!"
  They face each other with distrust;
One would reprove the braggart tongue,—
  One would cry out on Dryasdust:
  They may no more than meet and pass
  Where new paths cut the ancient grass.

And still the bell from ivied walls
  Echoes the time to new gray towers.
Ah, Youth, be young, whate'er befalls:
  To ponder and be old is ours.
  Outside the Unseen Watchmen tell
  Each passing hour with "All is well!"

—*Francis Charles MacDonald.*

Notice

This is the city of youth!—
Old gray-beard, get you gone!
Set your pack of thread-bare truth
On your back, and let the dawn
Find you many a league away:
Youth awaits another day:
Woe is on you if you stay!

For this dawn about to break
Will so dazzle your old sight
That the sun you will mistake
For the very spirit of night;
And the breath of it, the breeze
Blowing freshly, pole to pole,
Clearing worlds of old disease,
Will be stifling to your soul.

You would never learn the way
Men shall go from place to place;
What your old directions say
Would not help your feet to trace
Any old familiar track
Through the windings of the town;
Nor your ancient almanac
Tell when stars go up and down!

And your Truth?—Ay, true for you,—
Learned of your own experience;
But that Truth is born anew
Here is nature's evidence:
Days that fade to dawn again;
Sons who take their fathers' place;
Seed and bud and ripened grain,
And the progress of the race!

Yonder, see, they rise afar,
On the dim horizon's line:
Towers beneath a setting star:
City that of yours and mine.
We must pack and go forsooth;
Soon will break the alien dawn. . . .
Gray-beard, this is the city of youth:
You are old now,—get you gone!

—Francis Charles MacDonald.

In the Old Graveyard, Princeton

Now to this quiet place the living come
To make their question of the faithful dead.
Eager each name and epitaph is read,
And many a deed recorded, like the drum
Before a battle, stirs the blood, and dumb
White marble speaks for spirits long since fled.
"I saved the state," and "I for freedom bled,"
"I brought the word of God," some say; and some
In humbler fashion served the lives of men.
But all of them have this as well to say:
"Let not our limits hold your ventures back!
Know that we came beyond the rest; and then
With higher aim upon the forward track
Leave us at greater distance every day . . ."

—Francis Charles MacDonald.

On an Uncertain Day in Winter

O purposeless dull day!—Gray Spring
Astray in wintry woods;
Or silvery Autumn borne on the black wing
Of laggard lifeless clouds!

O motionless grim clouds!—Proud still
To fill a wintry sky;
Uncertain, though, to break upon the hill
Or blow a hurricane by!

Bereft of passion, and inert,—
Yet shall the torrents come
And tempests blow. O happy day, thou wert
But with thy purpose dumb!

(And that my aimless life might break
Even in passion now!)
For lo, the winter has come back to take
Toll of the leafless bough;

To strike against the hill in sleet
And beat the world with rain:
I see Gray Spring on silent feet retreat
Down the far southern plain;

The Autumn of the clouds is torn
By passionate true wind;—
Would that such purpose might be lifted, borne
Into my heart and mind.

—*Francis Charles MacDonald.*

Brothers

Why do we grow apart,
Brother of mine,
O brother of my heart?
We are the branches twain
Of the same vine,
Of the same blood and brain.

One father both begot,
One mother bore,
And one should be our lot,
One bed, one board, and one
Grave evermore
When the last day is done.

But now you walk apart,
Brother of mine,
O brother of my heart,
With new light in your eyes
Shining, the fine
Clear light of other skies.

What do you see beyond,
Brother of mine,
With eyes so still and fond?
I strain my eyes to see,
But never sign
Is vouchsafed unto me.

I see you lean to hear
What some one sings
Or whispers in your ear;
And yet you never tell
The heavenly things
To me inaudible.

And will the day soon come,
Brother of mine,
When you shall choose your home
With these you hear and see. . . .
Visions divine,
Voices of ecstasy?

Never again shall we
Be as before?—
Free of each other,—free
Each of the other's lot?
In the new lore
Is the old love forgot?

When in the time to come
You see the sign,
Then will they bear you home,
For evermore apart,
Brother of mine,
O brother of my heart?

—*Francis Charles MacDonald.*

I. M.

Deal bravely with him, Death!
He did not fear thee,
Nor turn with coward breath
When he came near thee:
Then he no more than we
Divined thy being;
We are more blind, but he
Sees with thy seeing.

Why was it Death preferred
Him, the new-parted?
Listen. . . . I hear his word,
Low and light-hearted
Lingering still,—the jest
But touched with laughter:
He did not tire, but rest
Is his, hereafter.

Tire? He? The plashy field,
His man to cover. . . .
Mud-crusted, heavy-heeled. . . .
O valiant lover
Of Princeton! Hear her name
All through the breathless
Big struggles of the game!
. . . Now he is deathless.

It was but yesterday
He met with sorrow:
A bitter game to play
Through a long morrow:
No thousand friends to go
Mad with their cheering;
But surely praises flow
There, in God's hearing. . . .

So clean of limb and soul,
So highly-minded!
The years were his, the goal
His. . . . We are blinded
With too much grief, and vain
Our grieving o'er him:
Suddenly, out of brief pain,
Peace lay before him.

And of that peace we know
Only the seeming,—
Sleep, and the deeper flow
Of truer dreaming;
But his, a braver faith,—
He was no craven,—
Deal bravely with him, Death,
In the far haven. . . .

—*Francis Charles MacDonald.*

The Old Sail-Boat

Dismasted, rudderless, sides agape,
She lies upon the beach a wreck,—
She that was wont, a lovely shape,
To sail with beauty on her deck.

Beneath the moon before the wind
She sped, and floods of silvery speech
Poured over her: yet now I find
Only the hulk upon the beach.

For they are gone; the house is gone;
Beauty has faded, lips are still:
The old boat on the beach alone
Lies in the shadow of the hill.

—Francis Charles MacDonald.

Advice

Seek not to number friend and friend,
Nor let their names by rote be said,
Lest ere thou comest to the end
He whom thou lovest most be dead. . . .

I sat me down to muse and count
Those whom the gods had granted me:
Writing his name I paused,—the fount
Of friendship's self he seemed to be.

My heart rose up: "Thank God!" I said;
And wrote a dozen names beside.
Ere I was done and gone to bed
They brought me word that he had died.

I read their names, but only one
Is he, my friend, even as before:
To whom no bright-returning sun
Shall light my feet for evermore.

—*Francis Charles MacDonald.*

The Visitor

The door is closed, yet in you come;
The clock strikes late,—you do not go;
I shut my eyes, my lips are dumb,
I have no charity to show. . . .

My eyes are shut, but you I see;
My lips are dumb, with you I speak;
My heart is yours for charity. . . .

Go, go, now,—for my soul is weak

With watching, and I fain would sleep!
My bed is here, my prayers are said,
And must I still at midnight keep
This long communion with the dead?

Nay: sleeping, I should dream of you;
Should see the friendship of your face;
Should old acknowledgments renew,
And hold you to the old embrace. . . .

Then stay, friend: there is much to say.
At best I can but think and rhyme
Of you, who died but yesterday
And have been dead so long a time!

—Francis Charles MacDonald.

On the Caribbean Sea, Before Kingston

Two bars of cloud,
Long, level, angry-browed,
Hang over Kingston as the sun
Touches the mountains and the day is done.
Kingston, that lies
Indifferent to the skies,
Warm, silent, beautiful, adream
In the late light that floods now, like a stream
Of amber haze,
Through all her dusty ways. . . .
Sad, fading beauty that will dim
When the sun sinks beyond the mountain's rim.
Poor broken town
Of shattered houses, down
Whose melancholy vistas pass
Children of Fate, like figures in the glass
Of memory!

Destiny shadows thee:
Arisen as thou art to-day,
There stand the mountains still, there lies the
bay,
Waiting the hour
When once again their power
Shall be unloosed, and all their might
Falling upon thee sink thee in the night. . . .

My head is bowed. . . .
But the two bars of cloud
Catch the sun's light that lowers nigh
And suddenly blaze across a brazen sky!
Blaze, glow, and melt
Into a radiant belt,
So greatly fashioned, shining bright,—
Archangel's girdle thrown upon the night!
Strange jewels these
Upon what stranger seas!

Gray sapphire, amethystine pearl,
And opal, dropping in a ruddy whorl
Of gold,—a mine
Of fabulous design!
From which the poet or the king
Might figure crowns to wear or songs to sing!
But more, yet more
Beyond all jewel-lore,
The precious things before the bars
Of night are strewn, and cover up the stars!
I have no name
For orange that is flame,
For flame that flakes to ashen gray
And trembles liquidly and fades away. . . .
Such a high red
Befits the morning's bed;
Out-reds the ruby and the rose;

And here the Tyrian splendor spreads and
grows. . . .
Soul, on thy guard!
Lo, jasper here, and sard,
And emerald! In the mass
Up-piled, the Rainbow and the Sea of Glass!
The sea runs wine. . . .
Across this hand of mine
Falls blood, as from a cup. . . .
I dare to lift my thirsting spirit up.

After such sight
Mine eyes long for the night. . . .
Above the ship's unsteady mast
On toward the sunset, lo! the moon has passed,
And opened there
Pale, chary, rare,

Cold, cold, her quieter array,
Her humbler beauty and her tenderer sway
Of light. O dream
Of God! The two clouds seem
The entrance now to high estate,
And bar, be sure, the way to the straight gate.
We may not pass:
But here we may amass
Glories; and we may gather here
Splendors: may pray and praise and love and
fear.
Kingston, beyond
The bay, lies still and fond;
Dies half the light at last, and stars
Newly-articulate, shine by the cloud-bars.

Poor shattered town
Of houses broken down. . . .
By whom? Of age-old graves unsealed. . . .
By whom? Why question love or wrath revealed?
Say, merely chance,
Or luckless circumstance:
Eternal struggle of sea and land:
Men perish so: we may not understand.
Another day
Shall come and pass away,
And all this blazonry and bloom. . . .
Kingston, beneath the stars, awaits the doom. . . .

—*Francis Charles MacDonald.*

"There's Rosemary"

Like a white flower afloat on deep
Mysterious waters of the night,
Heavy and odorous, half asleep
Between the stream and the moonlight:

Such, now I fancy, such thou art,
O alien city of my birth,—
Still the fair city of my heart,
One perfect city of the earth!

. . . Could I from usual modes escape
And fold me in a magic form,
Out of my memories I might shape
Temples and towers, white and warm,

With roofs resplendent in the sun;
And thatch a thousand cottages
All bamboo-built, and every one
Embowered in richly-blossomed trees;

And grow palm-gardens by the flanks
Of many-branchèd mighty streams,—
Deep, languorous waters, on whose banks
A universe is lost in dreams;

And set a fleet of boats afloat,
And give to each a lazy oar,
Fill them with mellow fruit, and boat
My delicate cargoes shore to shore;

And fix a firmament of stars
In constellations new, and gay
Bedeck the filmy cloudy bars
With tangles of the Milky Way;

And lose Orion, nor the loss
Make heaven less luminous a whit,
For yonder would the Southern Cross
Rise with its mysteries infinite;

And show the way the Buddha went
By setting footprints on the stone. . . .
(The spirit way of deep content
To me, alas, is all unknown!)

. . . Or, nearer yet, of dearer days
And fonder memories far, I might
A broad-verandahed mansion raise,
And to its cordial rooms invite,

Or to the lawns, o'erhung with shade
Of mango-branches, low with fruit,
To many a flowery esplanade
And paradises absolute. . . .

Magnolias whose enchanted scent
Still clings to English fairy-tales,
As if from out the Orient
Came argosies of English sails. . . .

(O, could I listen once again:
There is a grave upon a hill
Mournful in sunshine or in rain.
No more: the magic tones are still. . . .)

Go, dreams and memories, go! I fain
Would waken, waken and forget. . . .
Here are the gray skies and the rain,
Bare trees in windy gardens set;

And straight, long streets where people pass,
Traffic and chatter, till they seem
Themselves but shadows in a glass,
And figments of another dream!

Another dream: ay, dreaming still!
. . . Gray towers upon an autumn sky,
Forgotten on this dream-locked hill,
While yonder all the world goes by!

O flower-like city of the past!
O city of the towered halls!
Ye are the two where, first and last,
The day rose and the evening falls:

The day rose on a golden strand,
Where joys at end were joy's increase:
The evening falls, and through the land
I hear the folding wings of peace!

—Francis Charles MacDonald.

Hopes

Prison bars hem me round—
Silent, hard; even sound
Flies away.
Rocky walls, dingy stones
Sleep in death; phantom moans
Fly away.

Filmy clouds, soft and gray,
Float and swing, bend and sway
O'er my head.
'Neath my feet, shadows dull,
Mirrored mist, paint a skull
Like my head.

Chained am I. Ever here
Fetters harsh ring out cheer
From the dead.
Clanking links, iron song,
Twist and crawl, call out long
To the dead.

But a beautiful gown of blue have I—
A beautiful silken gown;
And a beautiful view of azure sky—
A flying blue bird's down.
For a circular frame of barrèd glass—
A luminous, dreamy frame—
Gives a jubilant sun a way to pass
With rosily golden frame;
Leaves an emerald gleam of budding grass
From hills of a towered town.

On their feverish slopes of waving grain—
On drowsily happy slopes—
Where the blossoming hosts of clover reign
As proud as heliotropes—
Dwells a rambling-wayed realm of journeys sought
In vain in the land of life;
Lives a heaven-born honor the Fates allot
For constant and earnest strife.
It's a dearly earned gift and dearly bought—
This tower-crowned land of hopes.

Misty head, shackled feet
Mean but naught, are but sweet
To my heart.
Over there, God has placed
Hope in state, just a taste
For my heart.

—*John S. Nicholas.*

Iphigeneia

My father sent a ship and men who cried:
"Come, wed Achilles!" So I rose, and went,
And came where they were gathered, at his tent.
(Slowly the great ships swung upon the tide;
Ever the wind blew west-ward.) Laughing-eyed
I sought my future lord, all innocent
Of the grim spouse those stern-eyed chieftains meant.
None spoke. Then, suddenly, I knew he lied.

At first I wept a little, and besought—
Being but young, and half-afraid to die—
But when I saw my father's face, and heard
His broken weeping, and moreover thought
That no one of the kings did more than I,
I kissed him twice, and knelt without a word.

—*Ainsworth O'Brien-Moore.*

Polyphemus and Galataea

Methought I heard the Cyclopean voice
Of Polyphemus ringing through the wood:
"O Galataea, Galataea mine,
Softer than sleep, more sweet than honey-comb,
O Galataea, come and be my love!
Far up my valley whence the stream plays down
With many a leap and many a water-fall,
My cavern hides in the slender cypress-trees,
Mossy and cool and slumbrous with the sound
Of many rills. White-speckled is the grass—
Pale grass made pallider with dews—
White-speckled with the flocks that shall be thine,

Thine, Galataea, all my flocks and I.
O lovely Galataea, scorn me not,
Sweet is the grass to lie in, sweet the sound
Of swallows twittering through the dusky wood;
Sweet are the warm winds blowing from the South,
Gentle the wavering breezes, cool the shade.
O Galataea, Galataea mine,
Leave the gray sea and murky ocean deeps;
Leave the gray sea, oh, dwell therein no more;
The sea is cold and windless, and the sun
Shines not within the sea! Oh, come, my love,
Come, Galataea, come! Come live with me!"

He ceased and sighed—as loudly as when winds
Imprisoned by the sea within a cave
Sigh out to freedom—then again began,
"Oh Galataea, cruel one, well I know
That you have scorned me, scorned me and my love,
Nor deemed my love a worthy mate of thine!
Oh, would the yellow sun had never come
To dry the dews and ope the eyes of morn,
Would I had slept forever in my cave,
Would I had died, had died before that day
When first I saw thee, naked loveliness,
Leaping along the hollows of the sea!"

—Ainsworth O'Brien-Moore.

The Diver

Poised on a ledge above the limpid pool,
Graceful in pride of youth and strength he stands,
Ready to seek the water's shadowy cool
Where Naiads call to him with outstretched hands.

O youth, thy slight imperious form recalls
The naked beauty of that rhythmic frieze
Graven by Phidias on Athena's walls,
Kissed by the blue Aegean's murmuring breeze.

Vision of sea-girt isles and vine-clad hills
Crowned by white temples and green olive
groves
Where Thyrsis' song the fair Amyra thrills
And Dionysus with his chorus roves.

A moment's pause—the rippling muscles gleam
Lit by the sunlight glancing through the trees;
And then he gathers tense to leap—O dream
Of Phoebus carven by Praxiteles!

—Percy Rivington Pyne, Jr.

Youth's Litany

Thou in whose sight a thousand ages are
But as the mouldering hours of yesterday;
Thou who hast fixed each separate shining star
In boundless space, take not my youth away.

By the ripe orchards, and the dun-red hills,
By creaking oaks, and maples turned to flame,
By the clear air and sharp west wind that fills
The naked leaf-stripped woods with moaning
shame;

By the first feeling of returning Spring
When all the winter rushes out in rain,
By the sweet carols that the wood-birds sing,
By the fresh green of newly sprouted grain;

By golden fields of ripened August wheat,
By headlong brooks and peaceful-flowing
streams,
By secret shady woods where lovers meet
And dream their cloud-wrought, iris-colored
dreams;

By moonlit nights and slowly dying West,
By sun-kissed walls and scent of new-mown
hay,
By every scene upon this glad earth blessed,
Take not, O Lord, take not my youth away!

—Percy Rivington Pyne, Jr.

Venezia

I dream of the slumbering sea
And the silent summer nights,
Of your eyes' deep mystery
And the swaying gondola lights.

Out on the still lagoon
Where the slow felluccas glide
We lay in the light of the moon
Held by its beauty and pride.

City of azure and gold,
Is the sunshine still as bright?
Is there singing still as of old
In the solemn canals at night?

—Percy Rivington Pyne, Jr.

Ma Missis an' Ma Boss

In de evenin' I'll be settin'
By de stove to steal a nap,
Dreamin' drowsy-like an' lettin'
Supper settle on my lap. . . .
One fine evenin' I was wishin'
'Fore de fire wid my pipe—
Wishin' fo' de days of fishin',
Thinkin' how us boys shot snipe.
All to once I hears a patter,
Raises up an' takes a look,—
"Yuh comes Missis! What's de matter?
O! she wants de order-book!"
"Evenin', Missis," says I, risin'
Missis' smilin' face to greet,

"Sholy you keeps young surprisin',
An' you always did look sweet."
Den she say, "Good evenin', Jimmie,
What you need? You better search
Thro' de shelves." An' den she gimmie
Sumthin' fuh ma cullud church.
"Thank you, Miss! . . . I'm out o' jelly,
Den I needs some sugar, rice,
Lard,—and den de Boss, Miss Nellie,
Thought dat sausage mighty nice."
"All right, Jim. And now that furnace,"
Says she in dat business way,
"Keep it goin', but don't burn us—
My haid's mos' been split all day."
"Yas'm," says I, "but de boss
Was near 'bout froze de yuther night

When I come home from across
De fields, we like ter had a fight.
An' he went to quarrel'n' wid me—
I stood still like I was deaf—
Missis, dat's de way—I know'd he
Couldn't quarrel by hissef!
But dere ain't no heart dat's bigger—
Why ma Boss is near a saint,
An' I'll lambaste any nigger
That'll dare to say he ain't!"
Den ma Missis smile an' said,
"Good night," and stahted thro' de house,
"Jim, you better go on to bed,"
Den all was quiet ez a mouse.
Ez I fell to thinkin', dreamin'
O' my ole-time playful ways

Everything commenct ter seemin'
Mighty different from dem days,
When I used to think that somewhere—
Splindlin', lanky little coon—
I mus' git a job; I come dere
Never spectin', little loon—
Dat de Good Lord He done sent me
To dis place to live an' die—
All dem cupboards never empty,
An' dis cook dat sho' kin fry!
Why, de only diffrunce 'tween us,—
Me'n de Boss's reg'lar son,
An' you'd b'lieve it ef you seen us—
Is, I'se an adopted one!
Used ter stand us up together,
Ask us whar we rode dem mules,

'Low he'd flail one wid de yuther,
Wuthless little pair o' fools!
Sometimes I ketch fits from Missis,
When de house gits hot ez stew;
An' de Boss gits mad, but dis is
'Bout de bes' dat I could do.
An' I spec' you couldn't ever
Take me 'way at any cos',
Fuh, I 'low I wouldn't never
Leave ma Missis an' ma Boss!

—Samuel Moor Shoemaker, Jr.

My Mother

Mother! Not yours the haloed face
Some sons have said that they recall
At seeing in her gilded place,
Madonna painted on a wall.

"Heaven seemed to stream out through her
eyes;
Her brow was pure," they say, "as flowers;
Patient her hands that used to rise
In blessings that refreshed like showers."

Of you my image is not such—
The mystic calm that brings down heaven,
Goodness to wonder at, not touch,
That scarce needs pray to be forgiven.

Yours is an eager, human face;
Your goodness does not stand aloof
From life's uncolored commonplace,
Nor flee its irksome warp and woof.

Not contemplation yours, but work,
Cradled in love, inspired by prayer,
Of routine sort where others shirk
To seek some higher, saintlier care.

The enthusiasm you possess,
Those traits too buoyant to define
Are more to me than holiness,
Detached from earth, howe'er divine!

—*Samuel Moor Shoemaker, Jr.*

The Knights at Rhodes

Northward we look across the sea—
  The ridges rolling, rolling;
And southward to the Turkish lines—
  The guns a death-knell tolling.

Will Genoa not send a fleet,
  Nor yet one lonely galley?
Will Christendom not lend one man
  To die in our last rally?

They stormed the outer wall to-day;
  The end will be to-morrow.
And not a Christian sword has come
  To aid us in our sorrow.

With Turk before, and sea behind,
  Cut off, betrayed, forsaken,—
What, bend we then the knee to grace,
  Or meet the fate unshaken?

But no! Fight on a greater fight!
  What count our little losses,
If still against the infidel
  We plant our Christian crosses?

And this upon our tombstones write—
  Begrudge us not our story—
"They died in fighting Christ's own fight,
  And this alone is glory."

The honor of our cloven mail
  What scimitar can sever!
Be men to-day for half an hour,
  And heroes then—forever.

—*George Rippey Stewart, Jr.*

From a Freshman Window—
Spring Term

Two pigeons mutter on the slated roof
And hobble down into the littered eaves.
Up in the sky a cloud that holds aloof
Looks down and wonders. Where are all the
leaves?

A ball bounds down the street, and from above
I see it race beneath a stumbling horse;
A lad darts for the ball and flings his glove
In a vain effort to arrest its course.

With sinking legs and with unsteady feet
That sometimes falter from their rhythmic
stride
Two panting runners steam along the street;
They wag their glowing heads from side to side.

The dainty lass whom all the lads adore
Strolls down the sidewalk with self-conscious
tread,
Beside a blithe and hatless sophomore. . . .
I breathe a curse on his oblivious head.

—*Keene Wallis.*

The Quarry

The floor-like rock lies round us yellow,
  Gigantic cliffs rise round us here,
The melting blue becomes more mellow,
  The balmy air becomes more clear.

Unbroken blocks jut in like wedges
  Upon a sinful stone-floored pool
Whose surface with its soft-fringed edges
  Of scum-flecks lies sedately cool.

The waveless deeps with their deposit
  Of rock-dust tremble and are still.
The tremor passes by . . . what was it
  That made this momentary thrill?

The rock crusher with rock-dust coated
  Stands with its bump and rattle stilled.
Its chain and drive-wheels rust unnoted
  Which once with clank and clatter shrilled.

The crumbling cliffs with blue slag slated
  Rise lordly, wounded as they are;
A single hammer stroke, belated,
  Rings stinging on a stone afar.

—*Keene Wallis.*

Man hears me not, nor God, but fiendish choirs
Who trained me, tremble when I strike the strings;
They scurry up from Hell and leave the fires,
To beat time to mine air with webbed bats' wings:
Klingsohr and Nanias come whose lore renowned me,
Gaunt hippogriffs come gathering around me,
My vast chimaera tunes its voice and sings.

And in a circle with my scorching gaze
Small basilisks in mid-air hang in line,
They shrink away, and though their eyeballs blaze
Their eyes of glowing coals recoil from mine:
God hears me not, nor man in his swine-wallow,
But Venus hears me in her vague hill's hollow
And burns in beauty, rose-white and divine.

I pierce the secrets of the singing skies,
I see the angels though they see not me,
I haunt high Heaven with my mortal eyes
Which mine immortal eyes may never see:
Man hears me not, nor God above in Heaven:
Mathilde hears me through an evil sweven,
And shudders up to press my scornful knee.

I loved her once while Wolfram was her choice,
And now I care not when her soul lies bare,
Her sighs are drowned out by my singing voice,
Her moans are silenced by the music's blare;
Man hears me not, nor God; Mathilde hears me
And shudders in her terror for she fears me. . . .
But hark to Wolfram singing over there.

Sing, little Wolfram, with thy caroling,
Sing blue skies, green trees, ladies, and the sword,
And men will hear thee, praise thee, crown thee king. . . .
Oh puny poet, thine be that reward!
Man hears me not, nor God, the empyrean
Blinks down unmoved by my Satanic paean,
My merciless arraignment of the Lord.

I see you all, ye men of harp or shield
  Who fight and sing and never strive to know,
But I know all that God would keep concealed:
  Heaven above, Earth here, and Hell below,
And I have danced in Venus' secret revels,
And I have seen that gods are changed to devils
  On earth as well as in those realms of woe.

Man hears me not, nor God, my rolling rhymes
  Burn through them, bite them, but they feel them not;
Ye demons, disappear into your climes
  Of tumbling, rumbling hell-flames, hissing hot.
Man hears me not, nor God, my demon muses,
Hippogriffs, basilisks, the world refuses
  To hear us, let us leave them to their lot.

Hell in love, Hell in life, and Hell in death,
These have been mine, and I shall die in shame;
But I see all as Klingsohr counseleth,
And pure love, pure life, Heaven were the same:
Man hears me not, nor God, but Satan heareth
And grins with wide jaws as my set time neareth,
And I must burn, but I shall have my game.

Prince, pay to Wolfram his appointed meed,
But thou, expectant executioner,
Though I was vanquished, shalt not make me bleed. . . .
Hoarse-voiced chimaera, make thy vast wings whir:
Man hears me not, nor God . . . steady, sir, steady,
Upward into the ether, art thou ready? . . .
Farewell, ye earthlings . . . faster, higher, sir!

—*Keene Wallis.*

The Puppet-Show

The Lord God made him a puppet-show
  To speed the lagging hours,
And you and I are His actor-men,
  And His stage this world of ours.

And when He's feeling glad and gay
  He calls for comedy;
Then you and I do laugh and play
  And sing right merrily.

But when He feels a sadder mood,
  As even God will do,
He casts us for a tragedy
  And breaks a heart or two.

—T. K. Whipple.

Epistle

Sent with a copy of Lionel Johnson's verses

When icy blasts of hoar *December* blow,
And pil'd in drifts lies *January's* snow;
When blazing logs, old frosty *Winter* flout,
And all is warm within, as cold without;
When empty tea-cups, and the failing light
A pleasure make repose, and indolence, a right:
Then wander, for a time, 'neath RADCLIFFE'S dome,
"IN THOSE HIGH PLACES THAT ARE BEAUTY'S HOME."

The Faith of *Rome* let fire your ardour next,
With *COLLAUDABANT SANCTAE* for your
text:
Then turn to mystic INISFAIL, and melt
With pity for the patient, hopeful *Celt:*
Become a *Wykehamist*, and proudly view
The fame of WINCHESTER, the past of
NEW.

Where'er you read, our Poet still you'll find
A man of learning, and a man of mind,
Whose measured song grows neither wild nor
faint,
Whom *Nature's* fire, as well as *Art's* restraint,
Kept still in that just mean, which critics hold
Correct—not frigid, nor unduly bold.

But when you see, in flames of dying fires,
That City of strong Tow'rs and clust'ring Spires,
On this our little Town look not with scorn,
Its Cloisters little weather'd, Courts less worn,
Not immemorial, but always young,
Where probably no *Muse* has ever sung.
And yet, when summer days are hot and still,
Hid on the bosom of its verdant hill,
It, too, might share, in spite of *Jersey* sand,
"THE FRESH GREEN LAP OF FAIR KING *RICHARD'S* LAND."

—*T. K. Whipple.*

Next May

Next May the cherry-blossoms bright
Will make the meadows all as white,
And Stony Brook will be as fair
With purple violets everywhere;
In woodlands where the thrushes sing,
Next year the self-same song will ring
For others, as for us to-day.
And in the deep grass where we lay
And loitered sunlit hours of ease,
They'll lie outstretched beneath the trees,
And homeward fare when silently
Comes golden dusk—even as we.

And when the Millstone mirrors plain
The fresh green boughs of spring again,
Canoes will thread its leafy maze;
By deeper pools where sunlight plays,
Bathers will strip and dive once more,
And laughter echo, shore to shore.
O meadow, woodland, stream, and field,
The halycon hours and days you yield
May others know as well as we,
And going, leave their hearts in fee:—
And if we never come again,
Live on in hearts of other men!

—T. K. Whipple.

Princeton: February, 1916

She sleeps like some old town with guarded
gate.
Was ever footfall quick or shouting shrill?
Her lazy laughter drowses; it is late;
The windows darken and the streets are still.

Outside, the frozen air which no bells break
Of nasal clangor or of fragile chime,—
Only, to speed the Winter, faint clocks wake,
Lest we may fear his finger upon Time.

But now the sounds of mirth and music cease,
  Have we no ears for anything but mirth?
How should we hope for quietude or peace,
  Where learning lives and human souls find
    birth?

Our town is dark with struggle; fierce and sweet
  We catch the echoing of eager cries,
As generations press along the street,
  Young and half-seeing with bewildered eyes.

—Edmund Wilson, Jr.

Swift

I

Stella

Because I doubted friend and cause and God,
Proved false to all, lest they prove false to me,
By gazing at the sole star I could see
I walked erect the road I had to plod.
Men would have laughed, no doubt, and found
it odd,
Had they known how naïf the Dean could be;
And so I walked in starlight secretly
That they might never see me spare the rod.

But when my star went out, I stood benighted,
Without a path. The door was still ajar
Where kindliness and courage were not dead;
But, mocking that thin beam, like one affrighted
I swore that I had lost the only star
And shut the door and bolted it and fled.

II

The Dark Hour

They marvel that their vileness can provoke
A flame to scorch me, while they feel it not.
The sacred brand must smoulder here how hot!
To char the bearer, choked with stench and smoke.
Now, would it not be something of a joke,
Were I to tell them plainly on the spot
That all my wrath is nothing but a plot
To hide my own corruption with a cloak?

The cruelty is mine, I curse so loud,
And mine the vapid folly I deride,
And mine the filth I find in everyone.
Pride is my God and so I lash the proud.
Oh, Madness, who alone can break my pride,
Come, blur my soul's black nightmare and have done!

—*Edmund Wilson, Jr.*

A Rose Found in a Greek Dictionary

In what dead summer came her petals here?
By what dead fingers dropped to mark a page,
Among the little words that live so clear
Beside this dimness and decay of age?

This heavy tomb, whose walls can only bleach
Her hue, shall make the lightest leaf to spring
From the full-petalled flower of ancient speech,
The frailest epigram, a deathless thing.

—Edmund Wilson, Jr.

The Prelude

Our autumns were unreal with the new:
New men and books we found, new hopes we had,
While dismal rains deplored what we might do,
Or sunshine, when the very sun was sad.

Etched towers and pale skies would winter bring;
We thought and questioned, swore to this or that,
Till questions and resolves died out in spring,
Nor vexed the trees which shadowed where we sat.

All pondering, we seldom spoke our thought;
Nor, gazing, often let ourselves be seen,
But, once away, gauged what that talk had taught;
Knew, only then, how great that glimpse had been.

—*Edmund Wilson, Jr.*

Gifts

PRINCETON—1912

Three things would I bring to you,
Bring as a man to his mother returning;
A heart that is young despite the years;
The same old unfulfillèd yearning;
And all in all, let be what would,
The keen, swift faith that God is good.

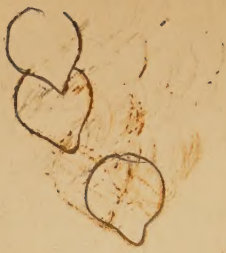
For these things do I owe to you,
Taught me once when I was a boy;
And only the poor in heart forget
In graver times what they knew in joy,
Or think since their own small world is sad,
That the heart of the world is aught but glad.

Love of towers I learned from you,
Skyward held like hopes of men;
Love of bells across the fields
Heard at dusk intoned—and then
Just the way a yellow light
Fell from a window in the night.

The world is a world of truth, I know,
And man must live by the truth, or die;
But truth is neither a poor dried thing
Nor a strumpet, tawdry, gorgeous lie;
But just the fact, that by doing and giving,
Young dreams come true while a man is living.

So I would bring three gifts to you,
Got from you by loving and learning;
A heart that is young despite the years;
The same old unfulfillèd yearning;
And all in all, let be what would,
The keen, swift faith that God is good.

—Maxwell Struthers Burt.



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